

He Tastes Like Ecstasy

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He Tastes Like Ecstasy

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

“So how are you feeling right now?”

"Honestly?" Sapnap bit his lip. Karl nodded softly, prompting him further, "I'm trying really hard not to ruin our friendship."

“Ruin it.”

OR

Sapnap likes thighs and Karl has thighs.

Notes

Hello! I speedran this fic in like an hour so if it's awful, ignore it.

Shoutout to my beautiful and incredible beta reader once again. Blackberry, I love you. Their [Tiktok](#) And their [ao3](#)

My Karl, George and Sapnap gifted subs all ended over the last three days so I wrote this

sobbing /hj

Anyway enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had probably realised he had a fascination around 14 or 15, after he got his first serious girlfriend. This also happened to be around the time he realised that boys were just as pretty as girls were, to his surprise.

Honestly, it made a lot more sense, because Marshall Lee had been just as attractive as Marceline to 8 year old Sapnap.

He and his girlfriend had started '*experimenting*' and he had quickly realised that thighs were definitely a soft spot for him because *holy shit* , he loved the way they wrapped around his head and pulled him in by the waist.

He would hold and squeeze them as a comfort measure, moving towards kissing and biting them as things got further. He thought that maybe it was because they were there and accessible, his next thought was that maybe it was because his girlfriend liked it, which was once again proven wrong when he realised that she could get off just as quickly if he didn't touch them. Maybe an oral fixation? Well that just wasn't right because it wasn't only to do with having his mouth on them.

After a lot of research and even more porn, he figured out that he probably had a specific fetish called '*crurophilia*' .

"The love or erotic fixation on legs," he read aloud, insanely glad that he had waited for the rest of his family to go shopping before he had decided to try and figure this out, "crurophilia is often paired with other fetishes linked with attire such as thigh high socks, skirts and garters."

Sapnap felt his cheeks heat up at the prospect of a pair of smooth legs stuffed into a pair of thigh highs, his bottom lip sliding between his teeth at the mental image of it spilling out the top, the socks just slightly too small and a dent where the fat of their thigh was pushing out at the top of the sock.

Maybe it was wrong, but the idea of squishy, stretchmarked thighs made him so unbelievably weak.

It wasn't a secret that Karl liked to shave his legs, and after moving in with Dream, George and Sapnap, he had been walked in on whilst shaving on multiple occasions.

None of them had really minded. They all had weird little things like that that just made them more comfortable, so they just moved on from it, bar the occasional teasing. Just friendly banter, nothing too much past the casual '*ladies legs*' jokes.

Karl had never really thought about it in a *sexual* way. He'd never really thought about it at all until he and his housemates had gotten very drunk and started discussing their kinks.

"It's so fucking hot when Georgie wears skirts for me," Dream had groaned, taking another sip from the vodka bottle in his hand, "his hips look so pretty in them."

"Fuck off," George laughed, "It's not like you can touch them anyway, is it *rope bunny*?"

Dream rolled his eyes at George's incessant teasing while Sapnap nearly spat out his drink, "You like getting *tied up*!"

"It's not that weird," Dream mumbled as his face flushed, "A lot of people are into it!"

Sapnap immediately felt bad at the way Dream had slightly curled in on himself

"*No!* No I didn't mean it like that!" The youngest boy rushed to correct himself, "I just thought that George would be the one getting tied up."

"Nah. Pretty boy here likes feeling helpless," the brunette chuckled, side-eyeing Dream as he took another sip from the bottle.

"What about you, Karl?" Sapnap asked, a smirk on his lips, "you've been *awfully quiet*."

"I don't really know. I guess I like marks? Like bruises?" He smiled, smiling softly at the thought.

"Giving or receiving?"

"Hickies or dick? Because the answer is receiving. For both."

"Oh yeah?"

Karl laughed.

"Just the idea of being marked... owned. Like, knowing someone could look at me and see that I belong to somebody is *so fucking hot* ," the boy groaned, holding out his hand for the bottle.

Sapnap barked out a laugh as Karl went red, a small giggle escaping his lips.

"I like thighs."

George's eyes flicked towards Sapnap, "What?"

"I like thighs. I think they're hot."

"In what way?" Dream questioned, his brow pulled together with his head slightly tilted, "I don't really get it?"

"They're just so... *hot* . Marking them up, feeling them crushing your fucking skull while you're giving head or around your waist while you're *railing* them. Don't even get me started on fucking thigh high socks," Sapnap almost had to bite his lip at the mental image.

"Wow..."

Sapnap turned to look eyes with Karl.

"Yeah."

"What about thigh high socks?" The taller boy asked, a smirk falling onto his lips.

"It's like, you know how when someone's thighs are like, more squishy at the top? Seeing the dip where the elastic of the sock is digging in slightly is so hot, *especially* when it's over stretch marks," Sapnap laughed, eyes glued to Karl the whole time.

"I'm tired," George announced suddenly, turning eyes to him. He tugged on Dream's wrist, pulling them both to their feet..

"Me too, I think we're gonna head to bed," Dream laughed as George dragged him away, turning his head to wink at Sapnap before being pulled around the corner towards the stairs. Sapnap rolled his eyes and fought the urge to flip him off.

"You *really* think that way? About thighs?" Karl asked softly, as if genuinely curious.

"*Yeah*," Sapnap breathed, eyes flicking down to the shorts Karl was wearing, the bottom of the hem placed just above mid thigh, "I fucking love them."

"So how are you feeling right now?" The lighter haired boy asked slowly, breath hitching at Sapnap's wandering gaze.

"Honestly?" Sapnap bit his lip. Karl nodded softly, prompting him further, "I'm trying *really hard* not to ruin our friendship."

The taller boy's eyes widened for a second before they dropped down to Sapnap's lips, locking on with a quiet breath.

"Ruin it."

"What?" Sapnap didn't get it. *Ruin their friendship? As in... like, sex?*

"Fucking *ruin it*, " Karl bit back roughly and, as if it flipped a switch in Sapnap's head, he lunged forwards and connected their lips, the younger boy's hands immediately going for the taller's thighs.

"Wanna mark you up so good," Sapnap whispered as he began trailing kisses down the older boy's neck, "Make you *mine* ."

Karl was whining and didn't really know what to do, all he really could do was grind down against the leg he was currently sat on with wobbly balance.

"How far do you wanna take this, Jacobs?" Sapnap asked with a daring smile on his face, watching as Karl laughed softly at the nickname.

"I don't... I'm not ready for like... sex. Not yet, anyway. I'm sorr-"

Sapnap immediately cut him off.

"Dont apologise, stupid." The younger boy smiled as he reassured him, "You don't have to say sorry for not being ready. We don't have to do *anything* if you don't want."

"No!" Karl blushed at how desperate his answer was, "no, I still want like... your hands or your mouth or something."

"Want my hands, baby?" Sapnap smirked as he squeezed roughly on the taller boy's thighs, "Want my fingers inside?"

And as Karl's head flew back, he began squirming even harder, "Yes, god."

A rough chuckle escaped the older boy as he picked up Karl and led him back onto the sofa, pressing kisses on his thighs before he looked up, locked eyes with Karl and bit him.

Hard .

The noise that Karl let out was somewhere between a cry and a moan, his back arching as his hands found Sapnap's hair and threaded his fingers through, tugging him closer to where he needed him.

"So pretty like this, Karl. Look at your thighs. So fucking good," Sapnap whispered as he licked up, tracing a row of stretch marks that made his gut churn in arousal, "all for me."

Sapnap moved three fingers to tug softly at Karl's bottom lip, pushing them in when he stuck out his tongue.

Karl made sure to cover them in spit, feeling it slide down his chin as Sapnap pulled his shorts and boxers off in one go. He pushed the taller boy's legs up and traced one wet finger down his thigh before lightly tracing his hole.

"You ready, baby?" Sapnap whispered, waiting for a small noise of affirmation before pressing a kiss to the back of Karl's right thigh and pushing in slowly, feeling Karl tense.

He lightly ran a hand over the back of the blonde's thigh and began sucking dark hickeys across the pale flesh, the soothing measure making him relax slightly so that Sapnap could begin moving his finger.

The noises Karl let out were quiet, the soft mewls practically music to the brunette's ears.

"Another one, *please*. Feels good," the taller boy moaned softly, his head roughly moving side to side as he squirmed in pleasure.

Sapnap did as he was asked and pushed in a second finger, relishing in the way that Karl's legs jolted when the brunette hit his prostate. He kissed up the taller man's thigh and bit roughly at the juncture where his thigh met his ass, kissing over it softly before he kissed softly at the head of Karl's cock.

"Sap, so *good!* "

"Yeah, baby? Such a good boy."

Sapnap moved back to licking at Karl's cock, taking the tip down into his mouth with a moan. He moved down until his nose pressed against the blonde's stomach. He pushed in a third finger and Karl was gone. His eyes rolled back, his jaw dropped and his back arched an almost painful amount.

Sapnap choked out a groan as he felt Karl's legs cross behind his head and squeeze harshly. He felt the warm skin press against his ear pulling him closer as he hit his prostate again.

"Sap, I'm so close. *Fuck*, please." Karl's noises were just getting louder and his thighs were just squeezing harder as Sapnap curled his fingers, hitting his prostate dead on every single time.

"Can I cum? Please?"

Sapnap moaned around Karl in permission and he instantly came, letting the overwhelming feeling overtake him as his hips thrust up and he painted the inside of Sapnap's mouth white.

The younger boy worked him through it before he slowly pulled out his fingers and off of his cock, Karl whimpering at the empty feeling as Sapnap swallowed.

The shorter dropped down on top of Karl, cuddling into him as the blonde chuckled, "you marked me up pretty good, huh?"

"Yeah. You look so good covered in my hickeys," Sapnap whispered, pressing a kiss to Karl's neck with a smile before sucking harshly to leave a light purple mark.

"Mmm. I'm buying stockings and a garter for your birthday," the blonde smirked, looking down at Sapnap as the brunettes eyes widened at the mental image.

"Fucking hell, Karl," he laughed quietly, "You're gonna be the goddamn death of me."

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